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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

A SAILOR'S NOTE-BOOK

TYPHOON

I have heard many men in many tongues
Hollering for something they wantit.
Un I have heard the typhoon
Quarrelling with his brother the sea
On the lee beaches.
"This is mine island," says Typhoon.
"Is mine," says the sea.
"I bring birds what makes trees."
"I pile sand for to make beaches."
"Is mine what for I love it."
"Is mine what for I marry it."

Typhoon takeit island by trees.
Sea grab at the beaches.
Un when they is through—
Palms piled like jack-straws,
Beaches pulled to pieces.

SEA

I

Sea is dumb fellow,
Which don't know what he wants
Un is not happy.